

# Bulletin of Home News

VOL. I. No. 3

NEW YEAR'S ISSUE

SEPTEMBER 1944

## JUNIOR LEAGUE NEWS

### Saga of Spring Season

In the spring, the Junior League's fancy lightly turned to games. Not to be misunderstood, the games were bridge, Mah Jong, poker, Gin Rummy, and, well, you get the idea. Occasion: A Game Nite, held in the Vestry Rooms of the Temple. Date: The beautiful spring evening of Thursday, May 10, 1944. Purpose: To play games, of course, but also to raise money to be donated to the new community house for a library fund. Results: A small fortune (very small) and a heck of a good time which was had by all.

Now for the particulars. With the loyal cooperation of the Sisterhood, the Brotherhood, fond parents and relatives, and friends (what would we do without them!) the gathering was most satisfactorily large. Bridge Ma Jong and Gin Rum. my tables were well occupied, but the stellar attraction was the poker table, set up in the middle of the room, manned by eight, tense, able-bodied males, among whom were two well known members (how did you make out, boys?) There was even a rousing game of dice at which the author won two bucks (wonderful game?) Now you know what happened to your bones, Bernie! Refreshments: Coffee and Doughnuts, and let us leave it at that.

The Game Night was the "Social Affair" of the Spring Season but our open meetings were most enjoyable and successful and furthered our membership drive. Early in May, we met at Harty and Jo Levy's home. Our guest speaker was Rabbi Erwin Zimet who spoke on Palestine in the Present and Post-War World. A vigorous discussion brought us around to the subject of racial tolerance in the present day. The discussion became so heated, that it took six cokes (ice-cold) per person to restore the room to body temperature.

Our final open meeting this spring was held at Suzanne Baruc's home in the beginning of the sultry month of June. Despite the weather, the attendance was unusually large. Mr. Fred Gabriel of the Anti-Defamation League enlightened us regarding the work of his crusading organization; his topic for the evening being "Combatting Anti-Semitism." He de-

### *A Message from RABBI MILTON STEINBERG:*

As your rabbi and, in ever so many instances, as your personal friend I want to wish you as individuals a year of health, safety, and happiness; a year which will bring you home to your families; a year which will see the victory of our cause, the deliverance of the oppressed of the world, and the inauguration of a time of freedom and peace for all mankind.

scribed at great length the methods used by the League in dealing with slander against the Jew. Firmly believing in the old adage about the danger of "no play" (you quote it, I can't remember), the evening concluded with plenty of beer, pretzels, and Terpsichore (see page 604 of my dictionary). Altogether, our membership drive resulted in several and ever-welcome new Junior Leaguers; may their numbers increase with time, men especially welcome to relieve our overworked male contingent.

However, the most eventful meeting of the season (and we do mean eventful), featured the elections, held towards the end of June. The League came en masse, suitably armed with swords, pistols, brass knuckles and blackjacks. The author carried a first-aid kit and some tear gas just in case of riot. Nominations flew thick and fast. Candidates arose to the occasion. Pros and cons battled each other furiously. After the smoke and flame of battle had died down, it was seen, through the debris of the member's reputations, that President Ethel Drachsler had been re-elected President, and the new Vice-President was Judy Strasburger. Our new Recording Secretary was Suzanne Baruc; Corresponding Secretary was Selma Jerskey and Josephine Levy had been elected Treasurer. A rousing vote of thanks was given to the outgoing officers for their splendid work during the past year. May the new officers follow as successfully in their footsteps.

Although the Junior League officially takes a vacation for itself, in the summer months of July, August, and September, summer plans of the League include a pilgrimage to the Stadium for the music lovers, a day at the Beach for the more athletically inclined, and a moonlight boatrede for the lovers of nature. At this writing, future issues of the "Bulletin" are being enthusiastically planned.

The Junior League reconvenes in October, after the Holidays. At that time we hope to carry through as effective a program as in the past.

And as we reluctantly conclude this Saga of Spring and the Junior League, we leave you with these tender and completely irrelevant (but timely) thoughts:

The Nazis have demonstrated once more that they cannot be trusted. Only four years ago, they gave us distinctly to understand that they intended to stay in Paris a thousand years. . . .

We have heard that Hitler (remember him?) has ordered suspension of all Strength Through Joy activities because Germany is running out of Manpower. It is possible also, that this country is running out of joy.

### A LETTER FROM ARTHUR GANG

#### DEAR LEAGUERS:

Well, the "Gypsies are on the move again." This time, however, it's Battle Creek, Michigan, not Northern Scotland as expected.

Why we were shipped inland for more training I shall never know. After keying ourselves up to a trip abroad and a plunge into the grimmer aspects of the war, it's most disappointing to be back at Custer, where I started my basic training a year ago.

What contribution can I make to the "Bulletin." Most of the conversation I indulge in lately isn't fit to print anywhere, much less in a "Bulletin" of Temple news. The humor of "MY DAY" comes from the bowels of the earth. It belongs to G.I. Joe and the coming generation of readers of books—banned in Boston. Let me just comment on what has happened to Battle Creek in the course of a year. Because it struck me forcefully when I first set foot in this mid-western city that

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Bernard Feinstein

this was . . . this was something that would come to all of America if the war continued much longer.

Battle Creek, you see, is filled with wounded men who are convalescing at the Percy Jones General Hospital, a fine, large, modern institution. It is a common sight to see a man without an arm or a leg, walk nonchalantly down the street, sometimes on the arm of a woman, sometimes "on the make" for a woman. They crowd the restaurants for dinner and dancing. They wander into the movies, sit in the park and flirt, or just walk about taking things in with serene confidence. These are brave men, as much in respect of their present conduct as anything else they may have done. There isn't a man at Custer that I have lived with or spoken to who doesn't feel a lump of pride in his breast when he talks of these buddies. And the community accepts these men with such a lack of embarrassment or self-consciousness! The girls chirp "no" to some of the flirts, and nonchalantly yield to others. Pedestrians don't stare, wives and relatives don't weep.

What a tremendous step in mass education without very much of a campaign at all!

The war has brought heavy responsibilities to Battle Creek from the start, but none so important as serving as a home for the wounded. It is an inspiration and a comfort to see how gracefully the community is accepting this latest task. God grant that we may escape the toll of wounded that has fallen to the lot of Russia or China and at the same time, God grant that the wounded in every country find as warm and happy a home-coming as they find here.

I speak of this emotionally . . . because these things have touched my emotions as nothing else has in many a month. He who wants confirmation of the essential goodness of human nature can find it in the streets of Battle Creek. . . .

Warm regards,  
ARTHUR GANG

## BERNIE FEINSTEIN DISCUSSES

### Post War (Problems?)

For some reason or other, your editorial staff finds itself in a contemplative mood for this issue and as a result of it has undertaken to fall into line with the rest of the country in order to discuss fully some of the more burning questions that must be resolved when the war is over. No apology is attempted for the timeliness of this discourse for we feel as everybody else does that we are close to the finish of the European war and that therefore certain things must be settled now in order that chaos might not ensue later. We refer for one thing to the problem of how the boys are going to be able to get a word in edgewise at future meetings of the American Legion when the Veterans of the First War sissify this war compared to theirs. This serious stumbling block to harmony must be met at once if the meetings are not to break up in fist fights and heckling. This paper does not condone violence in any form and looks askance at any suggestions such as gagging the older men, shouting them down, or even assisting them bodily from the meeting room. We do not attempt to answer this but merely pose it as a spring-board for further discussions.

In line, also with our newly announced policy of bringing all the unsavory facts before our public, is the fact that something must be done to preserve uniforms for future memorial day parades. We feel very strongly about this because too many times in the past, suffering husbands have waited an entire year for "the big day," only to find when they go to the attic trunk or closet that the moths got there first or that the wife had used parts of it for Junior's Commando uniform, or simply that the thing had disappeared from the ken of mortal men. Issues such as this must be met. And in order to start the controversial ball rolling we suggest the immediate formation of an organization entitled "The Association for the Preservation of the Uniform for Posterity." Clubs can be formed throughout the country and vaults hired in perpetuity at a nominal rental with a flat guarantee of a "Well preserved uniform or your money back."

Only one more problem must be brought to public view and that one is the fact that future generations may appear to be politely incredulous when we re-create for them some of our experiences of this war. It would be a strain on the nerves to see, as we are telling about that never to be forgotten experience a raised eyebrow, or perhaps even two raised eyebrows, or even the curled lip forming the

sneer with nasty expressions illustrative of which are, "Could be," "Baloney," or "Pop's winning the war again." To combat this we flatly put ourselves on record as advocating a league to preserve records of experience during the war. This worthy task could be done by having every man put in affidavit form, the true record of what happened to him then having a central bureau wherein such affidavits could be preserved. Thus when Pop decides to fascinate everybody with a breezy story or two and has plunged into it and should he be brought up short by the leer of disbelief all he has to say is, "Its on record, bub." This paralyzes the listener and while he is in this state, it is a simple matter to spirit him over to the central bureau and show the jerk what the Truth looks like.

As we have stated in the beginning of this monograph, no apology is made for its contents. We are firm believers in putting ourselves out on a limb in our editorial policy and if the shoe fits, well, the shoe fits. We do invite discussions from our loyal followers, however, and await the G.I. reaction.

To arms, therefore! Seize your pens and let us know where you stand.

### DEAR FRIENDS:

All of us fervently hope that this is the Rosh Hashonah of liberation. This year we can observe the Holy Days with more hope in our hearts than we have in the past, and pray that Peace will once again bind us closer together.

As we approach the New Year, we look needfully toward a deliverance from fear, a freedom of worship, and a return to the quiet home lives we once enjoyed. We also pray for the return of all our fighting men, and their rehabilitation that will re-establish Jewish life as a positive glowing expression of our cultural heritage and our idealistic teachings.

Let us hope and pray that at this time next year we shall be together again to enjoy the Rosh Hashonah and Yom Kippur services in a world at peace.

The Junior League of the Park Avenue Synagogue greets you all with kind thoughts and best wishes for a Victorious and Just Peace.

Sincerely yours,

ETHEL DRACHSLER,  
President of the Jr. League

## LETTERS

Here are the letters again. Going on the premise that you enjoyed them in our last issue we are printing more of them. Every letter has been a feather in our cap, and in yours, since you are helping to print your own paper. Thanks to all of you, and please, guys, keep 'em coming!

We made a not unreasonable request to Arthur Ochs, to let us know what he had been doing at his post in Fort Dix, and the reply came:

"If information as to my activities will be of any help, you're welcome to as much as the War Department will permit me to say. However, I expect a change in station in the very near future, so the following applies only to the past.

"At present I am Chief of Section of the Intelligence Branch, which handles all intelligence, censorship and security matters pertaining to troop movements.

"Other duties consist of being Sports Editor of the 'Fort Dix Post' (a weekly newspaper), Chief of the Public relations Branch—and an assistant to the Post War Bond Officer. The newspaper duties involve covering a number of sports events, in addition to writing a feature column." (Comment: "Phew!"—Ed.).

"Highlights of the Public Relations work have been: Acting as a guide for Joe Louis and his group when the Champ visited this post; going on the air on a coast-to-coast hook-up with Lt. Col. Frank Capra, the famous movie director, in a discussion of the pictures he made for the Army; and being on another radio broadcast with Lt. Col. Bill Slater, erstwhile sports announcer, in a program dedicated to the Army Service forces.

"Good luck with the paper and regards to everyone."

We didn't hear from Jerry Hartley for a while, and then a V-Mail letter arrived explaining everything.

"... am sitting sunning myself on a log, over a little stream in New Guinea. ... These jungle creeks are wonderful for bathing. Tropical rains wash the muck away and leaves a fine sandy bottom. The alligators have learned to mind their own business." (How nice! I should imagine it would be rather annoying if they became suddenly curious, however.—Ed.). "Was delighted to receive the May Bulletin today. Enclosed please find my contribution to the next issue:

Regards to the Gang."

Jerry's "contribution" . . . a poem, entitled "South Sea," is to be found tucked in its own corner, on another one of these pages. Anyone else got a contribution for the "Poet's Corner?"

Albert Heller, a "Junior Leaguer" from way back, came through with a few words for his Alma Mater:

"DEAR GANG:

"That certainly was a grand job on the 'Bulletin.' Those of us in the service sure appreciate anything that smacks of home news, and associates us with the past . . . and we hope, the future. Haven't much to report on myself. Of all the theatres of war I imagine the E.T.O. is more like the states than any of the others. My stay in England has been pleasant . . . due mainly to a couple of enjoyable furloughs to Wales and Scotland, and meeting a number of interesting people. . . .

"All the best, chums."

Every editor must have his (or her) little joke, and I see no reason why I should claim to be the exception that proves the rule. Just thought you might like to hear about the time I ran in on a friend of mine, while she was playing chess with her dog. I was rather startled, and said so. "A dog that plays chess, why that's remarkable!" "Oh, he's not so wonderful," came the deprecating reply. "I just beat him four games out of five!"

Just shows to go ya . . . but to go on with the business at hand:

We received a more detailed communication from Cpl. Louis Heller, who is still in the States. The letter is dated Monday, in the midst of a Bingo game . . .

" . . . out here at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where the wide-open spaces are wide open and gas rationing is somewhat of a farce, when one sees oil wells, jutting up all over the place. But this is the end of my story, thus far; I should begin at the beginning." (Editor butts in again . . . with comment: "That's logical.") " . . . about two months ago I was still floundering around Pine Camp, N. Y., waiting to be shipped out any minute. Well, I finally received orders . . . and landed at Camp Joseph T. Robinson in Arkansas, just a few miles out of Little Rock. I became part of the Headquarters of an Ordnance Battalion and soon learned the duties of a clerk—typist, which I am now. After about four weeks I received a promotion to a Technician Fifth Grade . . . commonly called a Corporal." (Congratulations!)

"Camp Robinson was a nice post and Little Rock a swell soldiers' town. . . . Then it happened . . . my entire unit (20 of us) received orders to move to Fort Sill. The trip took us three days of traveling in slow stages, by automobile.

"The post is very nice . . . the town is nothing but four streets . . . the nearest worthwhile place about a hundred miles away. In general, my stay here ought to be very restful . . . or else I shall be doing

a lot of traveling." (We'll bet on the latter.—Ed.) "Guess this is all for now. Best regards to the gang."

Lt. Dudley Greenstein has been languishing in Alliance, Nebraska, for several months. His latest letter comes from Illinois, which he claims is:

" . . . Paradise regained after the prairies and cactus of Alliance. Flew here two weeks ago. Flight took only five hours, as against 36 hours in a troop train. . . . I've got a swell office . . . all the trimmings . . . plenty of room for my equipment and teaching facilities.

"Have been doing more courts-martials. This time I'm defending. After some practice I'll be made regular Trial Judge Advocate on General Court Martial." (Oh, go on!) "Mucho Bestest to everyone."

We rub our hands with glee at this next letter, for it's from a woman . . . believe it or not. Our English friend, Joyce Bacal, was a member of the Junior League for a while, and it pleases us no end to hear from her. Thought you fellows might be interested also. She writes as an . . . "ex-member of the Jr. League . . . and enjoyed its pleasures of debates, dances and hikes, etc. . . . over a period of roughly 18 months. I have now been back in England a year, but my memories of New York are vivid, and I hope sincerely to return some day and contact all my friends I made at the club.

"I was really thrilled to read all about the people I once knew, in the May 'Bulletin.' I see that a couple are either here or expect to arrive in this country. I should like very much to meet them or write them, if possible . . . and return the hospitality.

"When I first returned home I did factory work, since then I have been transferred and am now working in the American Army legal section . . . where I come across the worst side of menfolk—only on paper though. The gang I work with are swell . . . coming from all over America—from San Francisco to that place which requires a passport—Brooklyn!

"Tell me, how do you do for man power in the club now? Or is it just a sewing circle." (Now, isn't that just like a woman for you! P.S.—Do we have to answer that one?—Ed.)

"We are all kept very busy bobbing the buzz bombs; sometimes we are lucky—. I guess it is a fair sight worse in France now, but the Americans are sure getting there." (We don't want to sound like a mutual admiration society, Joyce, but we'd like to put in our few words of admiration for the R.A.F. and your countrymen who fight beside our own.—Ed.) "Please tell any of the boys that they are welcome if and when they visit this island. So long, and all the best."

## BULLETIN OF HOME NEWS

Incidentally, the addresses of all of our letter writers will be found in column 3, page 4.

Officer Candidate Bob Greenstein, erstwhile member of the Coterie . . . (which reminds me . . . why don't you Coterie boys drop us a line once in a while) writes:

"A lot has happened since I was home in June. I was with the 106th Div. in Indiana doing intelligence field work until a few weeks ago, when I came here. (Fort Benning, Ga.). At Camp Atterbury I spent most of my time out on bivouac and it seemed as if I spent more time sleeping on the ground than in a bed. Here, our schedule is composed of study, classes, classes and more study. All for a pair of wars! This is all, for now . . . the teacher is starting again! Regards to all."

Flying Officer Jimmy Deyoung of the R.A.F. is not acquainted with any of us personally, since, as he says, his "home town" is London, England. However, his wife and family are members of the Synagogue at present and he was very pleased to receive a copy of our "Bulletin." Wrote to tell us so, too, though with an exception; quote . . . "One criticism I have to offer I still doubt whether 'English Lady' understood Private Purkey's explanation, so she still probably plays, with the naivete of a novice." ("!"—Ed.)

It's time to close. Can't keep you up all night reading other people's mail. Just a word of thanks to Alfred Siegel who wrote from the USS Baxter to thank us for the "Bulletin," and asked not to have his letter printed since it would "Only be a waste of paper, cause nobody knows me." Indeed, it's not a waste . . . you've no idea how much we enjoyed your letter, Alfred.

To J. H. Katz Sp A 2/c of Camp Wallace (Texas, who received the "Bulletin" through his parents who are members (his home is in Cedarhurst, L. I.) . . . our appreciation for your letter exceeds your own, by far.

Pvt. Leslie B. Cohen . . . we hope you received the address you requested and that goes also for P.F.C. Abe Chusid.

Thanks for your letters, all of you. Do us a favor and drop us a line occasionally with those changes of address. And keep those wonderful letters coming. You know the address. (Miss Joyce E. Lieberman, 14 East 75th St., N. Y. 21, N. Y.)

## BITS OF NOTHING

Atlantic Beach heads: Stan Grauer seen combing the beach in typical lone wolf style. . . . Isabelle Rosen roaming the boardwalk, but concentrating mostly on a sunburn. She was rewarded with an enviable tan. . . . Judy Klenert, with a far-off look in her eye, dreaming of far-off places. The sight of that very wide Atlantic, no doubt. . . . Louis Heller, now a fully established Corporal, lounging on the sands, absorbing his full quota of Long Island vitamin D, ere returning to Oklahoma. . . . Artie Ochs (at that time still at Fort Dix) gabbing away a few hours of his pass. . . . Sue Shapiro, relaxing and enjoying a short swim, after her arduous school-marm duties.

Ethel Drachsler and Trudy Joffe went swimming in the Y.M.H.A. pool a few times to escape the heat of the city. Everyone agrees that the role of Nurses' Aid is very becoming to Ethel . . . the uniform even more so.

Dr. Sy Kolodny, that veteran veterinarian, was bitten by one of his canine patients. Fine thing . . . Sy and Bernie Feinstein joined the "Y" for the summer and were noted languidly passing a basket ball back and forth. Fall finds them each with a brand new muscle.

Our Editor, Joyce Lieberman, was caught red-handed this summer, picking apples at her summer home in White Plains. Upon being cornered she insists that any resemblance of the "Bulletin" to applesauce is purely . . . well, you know the rest.

## AS FOR OUR MEN IN SERVICE . . .

Lt. Arnold Joffe has been assigned the rather dubious pleasure of doctoring the German prisoners of war. It is said that he answers the "heil" with the "needle."

After studying Japanese and a thousand other things out at U.C.L.A. for several months, Bob Barzilay has been transferred to Washington, D. C.

Arthur Reif is in New Guinea . . . learning about the dimensions of the perfect foxhole . . . and is at the same time making a study of various flora and fauna . . . the grass skirt in particular.

Stan Shapiro is out on the march! He's down at Camp Wheeler, Ga., proving to all that the Infantry is everything they say it is.

Allen Finn is trying to bewitch Mademoiselle from Armentiere with his high school French, since he landed on the Normandy coast.

Ensign Jay Norick, having completed his part in the French invasion, is looking forward to a speedy return to the States.

SPECIAL: Lt. Malcolm Markwith, who had been reported missing three months

ago, need no longer be classified in that category. He was one of the prisoners in Rumania, released to Italy.

Sgt. Mike Mendel, our decorated hero, returned home after thirty successful missions as a tail gunner, over the ETO. After a short furlough he left to rejoin the Air Corps in Miami.

FACT AND FANCY: Abe Maurer graduating from Naval Training School and now teaching in Chicago. . . . Norm Horowitz furloughing in New York for the first time since his induction. . . . Ed Kohn, also in, every Saturday night, from Fort Belvoir, Va. . . . Jack Gumbinner, writing poetry, still among the Texas Dogies. . . . Jocelyn Weinberg Lohkemper, spending time in Colorado with her G.I. husband. . . . Sue Baruc, selling infants' wear in Bonwit Tellers all summer. . . . Congratulations: to Mimi Lipstein . . . she's engaged to her former boss.

Best wishes, from all of us to all of you, for a Happy, Victorious New Year.

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